UNITY

FREEDOM, FELLOWSHIP AND CHARACTER IN RELIGION

Presuppositions of Democracy - *Curtis W. Reese*

Greenwood: Voice of British Labor-*Devere Allen*

Who Are the Godless? - *Lola Maverick Lloyd*

An Unknown Soldier - - *Adolph Moser*

What War Can Do to a Neutral - - - - - - - - - *Daniel D. McGarry*

THE STUDY TABLE

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The Field

"The world is my country, to do good is my Religion."

The 60th Year

"Hate only hate, fear only cowardice"

Not yet am I 60 years of age, but this day, the fifteenth of January, 1940, I start climbing on that year; and if I live until Janary 15, 1941, I will have achieved it, day by day, rung by rung,—up the ladder from the bottom to the top of the 6th decade.

There is much that I could say, for in 59 years I have been very conscious of more than 50 of them. In fact, I remember since I was a little over two years old.

That line of verse—"Hate only hate, fear only cowardice"—was written when I was 19 years old, and a Sophomore. It was the last line of a sonnet, written for the climax of an oration. This line is all I now remember of those iambic pentameters. But not once in 40 years have I ever forgotten the sincerity and the heroism of that spirit. I could write correct verse, but it was no great poetry. However, I remember that the bright teacher who heard the oration thought that I had quoted the verses of some great poet, and was reluctantly convinced that the sonnet was my own.

What have I learned in these 40 years, since that sonnet?

That it is better to be hated than to hate.

That it is better to love than to be loved.

That it is better to receive evil than to give it.

That it is better to be lied against than to lie.

That it is less disgraceful to be cheated than to cheat.

That it is less of a loss to be robbed than to commit robbery.

That the thrill of the open fight is not to be found in treachery.

That honesty is far more reliable than shrewdness.

That it is better to forgive than to revenge.

That friends are better than things; and friendship the chief gain.

That in monetary valuation, one dollar is worth 100 cents; but in other values, one honest cent is worth more than 100 dishonest dollars.

That one is not polite *to some one else,* but rather polite *out of oneself.* Politeness is rather of the subject than of the object; that therefore the meanest person cannot be so low that a really polite person will not feel the need of being polite to that meanest human.

That while money is certainly one of the means of living, there are many other means far more essential and valuable to a life. (If only young people could see that clearly—and early!)

That the mind is its own hell or its own heaven,—either more to be feared than hell or more to be revered than heaven.

That we love or we hate others for what we do toward them, and not for what they do toward us; that therefore the loving or the hating spirit is only secondarily dependent upon the object of that love or of that hate, but is pri-

(*Continued on page* 16)

UNITY

"He Hath Made of One All Nations of Men"

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DEMOCRACY

Democracy is based upon the conviction that there are extraordinary possibilities in ordinary people.

—Harry Emerson Fosdick

A NEW PAGE—OR STILL THE OLD ONE!

Everybody seems to agree that, when Germany sent her armies crashing into Poland, a new page was turned in the history of mankind. This seems to us a just emphasis upon the immeasurable consequences of this gigantic struggle, but also at the same time a most inaccurate interpretation of what is going on in our world. For this new war, as it is called, is not a new war at all, but only the same old war of 1914-18 breaking out into fresh hostilities after the truce of exhaustion begun on the famous Armistice Day of November, 1918. It was on that occasion, when arms were mercifully laid aside, that we all thought a new page of history was about to be turned. Were we not promised the end of war, and a world made safe for democracy? Had not Woodrow Wilson made these promises clear in his addresses and state papers; did he not go to Europe as on a Messianic mission; and did not his reception by the stricken multitudes of England, France, and Italy guarantee fulfilment? But the new age did not come. The Versailles Treaty turned no new page, but only opened up another chapter in the same old story of violence, tyranny, and bloodshed. What the historian will see in the years 1919-1939 is just a period of rest, recuperation and rearmament for a renewal of the struggle—and that renewal has now come! The Hundred Years War is a perfect illustration of what we mean. This conflict of a century between France and England was marked by periods of fighting, interspersed by longer periods of so-called "peace" in preparation for a continuance of the fighting. That is exactly the process now under way. The Versailles Treaty did not end a war, but only carried on the same old war in the latent form of "peace," pending the ability, the will, and the excuse for inaugurating active hostilities again. What was begun, in other words, in 1914 is still going on because it has never really stopped. How much longer it must go on, no man can say. The pacifists would have stopped this long ago—they would have stopped it before it began! But no one would listen.

A SIEGE, NOT A BATTLE

More and more, as this war between Germany and Britain proceeds upon its unexpected way, it is taking on the aspect of a siege rather than a battle. The generals and admirals seem to have learned the lesson of the last war—that a battle today is a massacre, with nothing gained commensurate with the losses sustained. So, on sea and land alike, the opposing forces are apparently settling down to siege operations, to the end of starving out the enemy and thus forcing an eventual surrender. This fact is perfectly clear on the western front, where huge armies have been facing one another for weeks, with fewer losses than England is suffering at home in vehicular accidents in the nightly blackouts. France is actually releasing hundreds of thousands of troops to go home again, since there is no use for them in present activities, or rather inactivities, along the Maginot Line. The same thing is true on the sea. Britain, of course, is enforcing her usual blockade, seizing ships and cargoes, and thus cutting off Germany from much-needed supplies. And Germany is now replying in kind, blockading Britain with submarines and mines which are sinking ships at a terrifying rate. Both countries, in other words, are in a state of siege at sea. Only in the air is there any fighting in the real sense of the word. In this new element of combat, there seems to survive all the chivalry there is left in the world, aviators meeting aviators much as knights used to meet knights "in the brave days of old." But there is no evidence as yet that this fighting can be decisive. What all this means is clear in at least two ways. First, that so far as belligerents are concerned, this war, which we all thought was going to be the most dreadful in history, is as a matter of fact the most merciful. Of course, slaughter may break out suddenly at any time at the front or in the cities at home, but thus far life is being spared. God grant that it may continue to be spared! Secondly, the neutrals are suffering casualties and losses beyond anything ever known in any previous war. The siege operation is as expensive for neutrals as it is inexpensive for belligerents. How long the neutrals can stand it, and what they will do—this, at the moment, is the decisive question of the war.

THE PRESIDENT—AND PEACE

We read all the attacks upon the President for his intrusions upon the European scene—and they leave us absolutely unconvinced and unmoved. His appointment of a representative at the Vatican was bitterly assailed by Protestant leaders and journals which should have known better. His dispatch of Mr. Sumner Welles, Assistant Secretary of State, to Europe to consult with belligerent and non-belligerent governments is now under ferocious criticism. The President is getting us into the war, is the charge. But we cannot seem to see it that way at all! On the contrary, we think he is getting us into the peace, and perhaps may bring this peace at an earlier moment than we had dared to suppose. What troubles us about Mr. Roosevelt is not his peace policy, which we think all to the good, but his inconsistency in this policy. It is as though we had two men in the White House. On the one side is the man who made the famous "quarantine" speech, who wants to help the Allies in every way "short of war," who broke down our neutrality policy in the interest of the Allied powers, who urged credits for Finland, and who is advocating an expansion of our armed forces on land, sea, and in the air which constitutes the most grievous threat of war on this hemisphere. On the other side is the man who earnestly desires to end the European struggle, who mobilizes the religious forces of this country to serve the cause of peace, who joins hands with the Pope in a common effort after peace, and who now, in spite of his statement to the Pope that no peace move at this moment is feasible, sends to Europe a high officer of government to explore the prospects of peace. The contradictions of Mr. Roosevelt are not the least fascinating aspect of his character. In foreign affairs, exactly as in domestic affairs, we see the tangle of inconsistencies which constitutes the perplexity of this administration. Yet in foreign affairs, as in domestic affairs, it is the good which should, and perhaps may, prevail. Therefore do we propose to hold up the President's hands in his every peace move, and pray that he may win immortal renown as the great peacemaker of our time. The expedition of Mr. Sumner Welles to Europe is the most interesting event that has occurred since hostilities started across the seas. We are certain that the great majority of the American people approve this expedition, applaud the President for planning it, and hope that it may be successful beyond all present expectations.

NON-PACIFIST LOGIC

It is always interesting to see how the non-pacifist argues. A beautiful specimen of logic has just come to hand in the case of the Rt. Rev. George C. Stewart, Protestant Episcopal Bishop of Chicago, who was asked by the Episcopal Pacifist Fellowship to sign a pledge, "I refuse to participate in any war." This Fellowship, by the way, is an organization of some two hundred or more Episcopal clergymen, headed by such men as Bishop Lawrence of the diocese of western Massachusetts, Bishop Paul Jones of Antioch College, Dr. McKee of St. George's parish in New York, Dr. Bowie of the Union Theological Seminary, all of whom have taken this pledge. Bishop Stewart, however, says he cannot sign it:

> I do not see how any American citizen can sign it. Indeed, I cannot see how anyone in his senses can sign it, for if a country declares war, every citizen of that country must participate, either on the side of his country or on the side of the opposing force.

If this were all the Bishop said, his words might be understandable, and even challenge respect. But he is on record, in an article lately published in the *Living Church,* as saying that "war is a monstrous, ghastly, evil thing," which every Christian must abhor and oppose. No pacifist could say more than this! Yet when the government speaks, we are told that the citizen must at once "participate" in this "monstrous, ghastly, evil thing." It lies within the prerogative of government, in other words, to command the Christian to do what he knows to be "evil." Anything more undignified, slavish, immoral, illogical than this, we cannot imagine. It takes religion, which should be the most august and authoritative thing in all the world, and makes it the mere tool of politics for immoral purposes. We wonder what would have happened to Christianity in the early days had the followers of the Christ taken this attitude toward Rome. Did these Christians participate in war when the country ordered them to do so, even in defense of the empire against the hordes of Germanic barbarians? They did not! They would no more take up arms than they would offer worship to the Emperor. They said very simply and unalterably, *"We must obey God rather than men."* But Bishop Stewart has evidently never heard of this New Testament commandment. Or if he has, he chooses to ignore or to forget it.

MUST THE AEROPLANE BE BANNED?

Did the Wright brothers ever foresee the dreadful results of their invention—that the little flying machine at Kittyhawk was potentially the destroyer of our whole civilization? There is no indication, so far as we know, that any such surmise ever entered their minds, which were imaginative mechanically to the point of genius, but utterly unimaginative politically and spiritually. Nor did others forecast the present calamity! Yet a little realistic insight might have foreseen all that has so direfully followed upon the exploit of the Wrights. Witness the publication in a recent issue of *Science* of what Father Francesco Lana feared in 1670! This churchman, like many another early dreamer, notably the great Leonardo da Vinci, had ideas of a flying machine. But the Father, unlike all other pioneers

of whom we chance to know, was afraid of his own thoughts. He wrote:

> God will never suffer the Invention to take effect, because of the many consequences which may disturb the Civil Government of men. For who sees not, that no City can be secure against attack, since our Ship may at any time be placed directly over it, and descending down may discharge Souldiers; the same would happen to private Houses, and Ships on the Sea: for our Ship descending out of the Air to the sails of Sea-Ships, it may cut their Ropes, yea without descending by casting Grapples it may over-set them, kill their men, burn their Ships by artificial Fire works and Fire-balls. And this they may do not only to Ships but to great Buildings, Castles, Cities, with such security that they which cast these things down from a height out of Gun-shot, cannot on the other side be offended by those below.

What is impressive in this amazing forecast of the horrors of our day is Father Lana's understanding of human nature. He seemed to know what man would do with his toys. Is this because, in his traditional theological training, he had a grasp of truth in regard to the innate character of man's soul, which we have somehow lost in the easy-going, sunny optimism of our more liberal days? Were Paul and Augustine and Calvin nearer to reality here than Rousseau and Channing and Emerson? Is Karl Barth, in his despair of man and his return to God and his omnipotent sovereignty, recovering a doctrine which should never have been lost? What about evolution and its implications as to man's nature? What about the new Freüdian psychology? And the sheer horror of man's world today—what about that? Father Lana's prophecy, proceeding as it does from the old medieval theology, shocks us by its awful accuracy. Is it not a reminder that even we highly intellectualized liberals may have gone astray, and the long tradition of the church contain elements of truth we have too lightly thrown aside?

THE GENIUS OF WALT DISNEY

We have seen "Pinocchio"—and we are reconciled to life. Yes, even in this age, amid the distresses and horrors of this hour, we are reconciled to life. For a world that can produce this masterpiece is not without hope. If only all humanity could be gathered together within a single theatre and shown this picture, wars would cease and hatreds disappear. For there is enough of beauty and charm and sheer lovableness in "Pinocchio" to melt men's hearts and make them forever one. What was coming was forecast, indeed actually achieved in "Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs." What we have in these pictures is a new art, born before our very face and eyes. This art has in it the elements of other arts, but in its essence it is a fresh creation. Like every art, of course, it is subject to every kind of use, bad as well as good. Happily, Walt Disney is as pure a genius in the realm of morals as in the realm of the moving picture. His is not only the mind of a great artist, but the heart also of a little child. He sees things in terms of loveliness, and then suffuses them all with the atmosphere of truth and goodness. It is as impossible to think of vulgarity, or even sophistication, in the case of Disney, as it is to think of shoddy workmanship. Nothing but the best can satisfy this man, the best of sentiment as well as of technique. It is exciting to think of all the stories that are waiting to come to life under his magic touch. We are already impatient for "Noah's Ark" on the one hand and "Alice in Wonderland" on the other! What it will mean ultimately, we cannot imagine. There are those who say that the "animated cartoon," as this type of picture was called in its Cro-Magnon days, will drive the camera picture entirely off the screen. We can already shudder at the ugliness and indecency which would appear if this new art fell into debased hands. But what we know today is that Walt Disney has set a standard of beauty, charm, and sheer delight so high and fine that it must in time sustain itself. So long at least as Disney is with us, the movie is safe. Go and see "Pinocchio"—watch not only the screen but the faces of the audience—and for a few miraculous moments see a world washed clean of its hatreds, lusts, and fears.

Jottings

When discussing this question of war and religion, it may be well to remember the November, 1939, Pastoral Letter of the House of Bishops of the Episcopal Church:

> War, as an instrument of national policy, is a hideous denial of God and His condemnation rests upon it. It is rationally unjustifiable, morally indefensible, and religiously irreconcilable with the love of God and our neighbor. And it is wholly incompatible with the teaching and example of our Lord Jesus Christ.

The late President Motta, of Switzerland, was five times the chief executive of his country. We wonder if the Switzers ever discussed the third term!

The more we think of all those Russian revolutionists purged by Stalin because they were conspiring with Hitler, the more we wonder what punishment will be meted out to Stalin himself when his day of judgment comes.

"If winter comes, can spring be far behind?"

So sang Shelley! And the world, as it looks at the battlefields of Europe, trembles at the poet's thought. Would that spring were so far behind this winter that it would never come!

Is there any limit to human madness! We think not as we read the following statement addressed "To German Friends" by a certain Indian nationalist:

> Thank God, you found the right leader in the person of Ruler Hitler. And thank God, our India also found the correct guide in our Mahatma Gandhi. . . . Let us enter into covenant this day.

J. H. H.

Presuppositions of Democracy

CURTIS W. REESE

Democracy is best understood not in terms of particular social arrangements and political techniques but in terms of presuppositions and goals in the light of which social arrangements and political techniques are appraised. The identification of democracy with means rather than ends is responsible for much of the current misunderstanding and misrepresentation of popular government. Democracy is primarily concerned with ends, and only secondarily with means. Means derive their democratic or undemocratic character from the ends they serve. Means may also be ends, and so possess democratic values aside from the main objectives they are alleged to serve; but even then they must be judged by the major ends served. For example, the popular election of innumerable minor public officials, including municipal judges, may as *process* possess some democratic value, but as *end* undermine the justice and efficacy on which the success of the democratic experiment depends. It is imperative, therefore, that believers in democracy learn to distinguish between the genuine democracy of real democrats and the spurious democracy of rabble-rousing demagogues who have no conception of what democracy really means.

1. To me democracy means that all persons are equal in their claims upon one another for just, fair, and considerate treatment. Wherever any person, in any connection, is dealt with on any basis other than that of justice, fairness, and consideration applied to the merits of the particular situation, without regard to age, sex, race, color, creed, place of birth, social status, or any other extraneous consideration, there democracy is absent; and such a situation cannot be made democratic by the simple device of filling ballot boxes with slips of paper.

2. Like unto the claims of each upon all for just, fair, and considerate treatment is a second meaning of democracy, viz., that no person should be denied status on account of racial or other natural-group origin. This means that in a genuine democracy every public and semi-public position and every honorific recognition should not only be theoretically but actually open to all citizens on the basis of qualification and merit without any regard whatever as to whether they are Caucasoid, Negroid, Mongoloid, or any conceivable combination of racial genes. Wherever race, color, or nationality is used to influence, or does in fact influence, the outcome of elections, appointments, or other like contests, there democracy is violated. In America we have a good basis of genuine democracy and we have made some headway in that direction. The blood of many peoples runs in the veins of our national life, and we are the heirs of many traditions; but as yet we revert all too often to the narrowness of ethnocentric primitivity. I am not saying that group conviction should not be weighed to determine to what extent undemocratic influences have moulded attitudes and opinions. What I am saying is that the accident of geographic, cultural, or racial origin as such should have no weight at all. Specifically what I mean is that until we are willing for a Jew or a Negro or a member of any other such minority group in our democracy to sit in the President's chair and all other chairs within the gift of the electorate, and to receive full status in any situation, we have not become of age democratically.

3. To me democracy means that the well-being of each person is the primary concern of all and the major purpose of the whole social structure. This meaning of democracy, viz., the well-being of each person, should be thought of in definite contrast especially with the bromidic statement so oft repeated that democracy means "the greatest good for the greatest number." "The greatest good for the greatest number" is a vicious slogan reverting to the days when it was assumed that a few must be doomed for the good of the many. A genuine democracy would make no such assumption. On the contrary, such a democracy would assume the possibility of a social order wherein the vicarious suffering of the few would not be required for the good of the many; and much less the vicarious suffering of the many for the good of the few. To assume that any must be socially doomed is to deny the very basis of democracy, i. e., the inviolability of each personality.

4. It follows from the democratic doctrine of the "well-being of each" that organizational forms and processes derive their worth from the effectiveness with which they serve persons. Consequently in democracy no institution or process as such should ever be regarded as inherently worthful or of permanent value. Effectiveness in the meeting of human needs should be the sole criterion in judging the worth of home, school, church, and state; and of their social and economic auxiliaries, including courts and private property. This is not a new teaching. You will recall that it was once said that the Sabbath was made for man, not man for the Sabbath. The reassertion of this ancient doctrine should be a challenge to our current institutions to make good democratically or be prepared to step aside and make way for others. I for one am so firmly convinced of the social worth of the institution of private property that I want a social arrangement such that each person can in fact become a holder of private property. Whenever any institutional form or social process demonstrates the universality of its worth in the service of persons it will require little defense in democratic society.

5. To me democracy means that the social estate, both natural and achieved, should of right be the possession of all and should be monopolized by none. I think of those major things commonly called natural resources, and those things resulting from the cumulative work of many persons through long periods of time, as belonging to the social estate and as auxiliary to personally held goods. In our pioneer days a watering place could not be monopolized by anyone. But today we allow other forms of liquid matters flowing from the earth to be channeled into reservoirs of limited ownership. Perhaps it is not necessary to push this point further than to say that it would seem self-evident that a democracy would be as diligent in protecting the estate of all as it is in protecting the estates of individual persons. To do so would in my judgment go a long way toward guaranteeing also the possession of that which is honestly achieved by individual persons and of right belongs to them.

6. To me democracy means that by uniting coöpera-

tive effort with individual effort it is possible to achieve for all the good things that are sought by each. Assuming the natural estate and the cumulative techniques of the social estate, plus the incentive, within this pattern, of personal estates personally achieved, it would seem easily possible to remove poverty, to provide adequate medicine, to open the vistas of education, and to give all a share in the satisfactions of aesthetic experience. There is nothing impossible or particularly different about this. Our only need is an awakened public conscience and a will to devise means unhampered by superstitious allegiance to processes often erroneously called democratic.

7. Finally to me democracy means the continued expansion of the areas of liberty, and the deepening of the content of liberty. The imposition of undue restrictions on individual behavior in areas where freedom and uniqueness should be cultivated is disastrous to democracy. So also is the tendency to think of liberty solely in terms of personal situations. We have now reached the stage in the development of liberty where social content must play a larger role in the establishment of democracy. The liberty to freeze, to go hungry, to die prematurely, or to dwell in ignorance is not democratic liberty. The social implementation of liberty is now the order of business for democratic society.

So to me democracy is best understood in terms of the dream of a society in which every person shall count; in which all resources, including the abilities and achievements of the unusually competent, shall be devoted to the good of the whole people; in which liberty and security shall dwell with justice and peace; in which free men shall be bound together for the guaranty of freedom for all men. That is a great dream, in the pursuit of which we must never turn back, but toward which we must build a highway for all men everywhere.

Greenwood: Voice of British Labor

DEVERE ALLEN*

A bright oasis in surrounding shadows, the tearoom at the House of Commons is a cozy, friendly place. There, while business proceeded on the floor of the House itself, I talked with Arthur Greenwood. He was animated, hopeful, unhesitating, the kindliest of hosts.

If anyone can speak today for British Labor, that man is Arthur Greenwood. Technically he is deputy leader of the Labor forces in the House. But the titular leader, Major Clement Attlee, though commanding the respect of everyone, is far from well and lacks the dramatic fire which in such times as these seems needed, somehow, more than ever in debate. Greenwood holds views which fit patly into his party's present policy. He can rise to eloquence. He has been showing a grasp of affairs, often disconcerting to more learned men, which has won him tributes from all sorts of political foes.

But I was uneasy as I listened; uneasy for him, for Labor, for his world and mine, the world we both would like to have. Ghostlike doubts crept into the room from the lobby outside, lighted only by the eerie glow of a dim, antique-looking lantern set on the cold stone floor. Perhaps some unconscious impression of historic portent had been brought in when I threaded my way into those fine old buildings through pitch blackness, walked hollowly down the corridor past motionless statues of former parliamentary leaders, and across the entrance to Westminster Hall, where Charles I heard his doom from a Roundhead jury whose reforms gave way, only a little later, to monarchist reaction.

Hating war, having only a short time ago bitterly denounced conscription, Greenwood has so reversed himself as to be noted, now, as Labor's most vigorous champion of military victory. He has gone the whole way; he has left no anchors to windward. His most telling speeches have been made against the government because in his judgment the war is not being prosecuted with sufficient ardor. "If anything," he frankly put it, "we have helped ginger up the war."

As far back as last July, he told me, he had proposed, among a group of fellow-Laborites, a toast to General Gamelin. He recounted his dismay when he was not sure, on September first and second, that war would be declared. On the night before the fateful decision he had said in the House: "Every minute's delay now means the loss of life, imperiling our national interests, imperiling the very foundations of our national honor. I hope, therefore, that tomorrow morning we shall know the mind of the British Government and that there shall be no more devices for dragging out what has been dragged out too long."

Arthur Greenwood, a few years from now, will either be a leader highly regarded and possessing great stature among his party rank and file, or one of the most discredited men in British history. It rests with the future. It rests on the development of the war. It rests on the nature of the peace. Greenwood knows it, and I think he is a little nervous about it, underneath, though he is in no degree a self-seeking individual. He smiles a little ruefully as he tells without equivocation or self-deception how markedly his role has changed: from an outspoken foe of conscription and war, to the warmest voice of Labor in support of an imperialist government, as he admits he thinks his political opponents are, in a great new war. He is not altogether happy, it seemed to me, in his new role. There are little doubts that nibble at his mind. But he has the courage, certainly, of his convictions. And he is honest enough to concede the width of the gap between the older arguments and the newer actions.

"What do you think of an early peace?" To this inquiry he made the most uncompromising of replies. Take it from him, the Labor Party will not permit it. Not if it leaves the Nazis any power. One can sympathize with his fear of something like another Munich. But one can hardly help doubting whether he sees things with sufficient subtlety. It is this or that, with a hearty man like Greenwood; his forthrightness is his strength. For the time being, a rather simplified, uncomplicated view of international affairs has an unquestionable attraction in a warring land. But is it thoughtful to reject, without any genuine attempt to weigh and consider, the argument, held by thousands

*Editor of *Nofrontier News Service.*

of intelligent persons in Britain, that before millions are slaughtered and economic ruin wrought over most of Europe, it might be wise to attempt a non-compromise peace by negotiation? It is clear enough that no peace can be made which leaves Hitlerism free to terrorize its neighbors or its victims at home. But which is best calculated to drive a wedge between Hitler and his propagandized following: the usual tricks of total warfare, or shrewd, if sincere, diplomatic drives for a negotiated settlement without surrender?

Greenwood sees enough in this to believe determinedly in a statement of specific aims by the British and the French. He is at his best when he rises in the House and demands that there be no repetition of the Versailles Treaty at the conclusion of this war. He is not in so happy a situation, however, when after failing to make any impression on the government, he is obliged to continue his unqualified support. Is it unfair to say that his party's influence on the course of affairs, because of its support of the Tory war leadership, is dependent upon that support itself? Or that whenever the Laborites go into any really important opposition they fail to get what they want? When they win helpful concessions, the price is high.

But Labor certainly ameliorated the emergency powers and gave democracy a lift when it won an abandonment of some extraordinary provisions, such as abolition of habeas corpus, which had been passed in the original emergency statutes. And if it seems strange to find Labor anywhere backing up conscription, Greenwood makes the one point in its favor from the pacific angle, to offset the undeniable danger in it to democracy. Because of the tremendous numbers of reserve occupations not to be called up, because of the uniform procedures, and because of the moderately generous concessions made to genuine conscientious objectors, there has been no hysterical jingoism or hate campaign against the German people, no pinning of "white feathers" on lagging volunteers as in the last war, no crusades against unchanging pacifists. For this, he thinks, Labor deserves a measure of credit. For if it has fought for unremitting war, it has also fought for tolerance.

Although the Labor Opposition has agreed to give up contesting parliamentary seats in by-elections, an increasingly restless minority among the rank-and-file are assailing what it insists is an "electoral truce." How can Labor hold real views in any way different from the Chamberlain government, unless it gives them meaning by telling the country what they are? Opponents of the Greenwood-Attlee leadership emphasize that papers are reduced in size and do not report debates at the usual length, and hence the public knows little of any Labor dissent.

There is, for that matter, a strong minority opposed to any endorsement of the war at all. Some of the by-elections forced by the Independent Labor Party have revealed unsuspected strength in the anti-war groups. On one test-vote in a London Trades Council delegate conference, an anti-war motion was defeated only by a vote of 179 to 86. The anti-war labor elements, outside a Communist handful which attract no real support at all in the present situation, are anti-Hitler; but they think the war was due to too much aid given to Fascism by the Chamberlain party long before the Munich Pact, to diplomatic blundering in the guaranty to Poland which could not be fulfilled, to a steadily changing war aim toward plain, old-fashioned imperialistic combat. This minority is brushed aside as of no proportions by Greenwood, but the long and lengthening list of divisional parties going on record, together with trade unions, against his point of view shows clearly that Labor is more divided than it likes to think.

From the Labor movement in neutral countries no little criticism has been directed toward Greenwood and his associates. The British are felt to be too domineering, too insular in point of view. "In 1914," said one disillusioned Continental leader to the writer, when in Switzerland, "we saw the sorry spectacle of international labor split into nationalist groups by the impact of the war. But now it did not take a war to do it; they were all more or less nationalists before the crisis of last summer."

But Labor is still an Opposition on domestic issues. It fights vigorously for better old-age pensions. It attacks the snobbishness that it finds in the Army—whose officers seem to be refusing to eat in the same restaurants with privates, all in the name of democracy. It combats the Government's refusal to hitch wages to rising prices. Greenwood uses the word "Socialism" freely on the floor, but it no longer frightens anyone.

"Can you reconcile the aims of France in the war with the peace terms wanted by the Labor Party?" This I could not help asking, for it is a question that troubles all thoughtful circles on the Continent. Greenwood seems almost too quick and sure. "I know it is something to worry over now," he says, "but one trouble is, the labor movement in France has been divided. We must get unity there, then go on to build unity between British and French labor forces. And then we shall have strength enough to get the peace we want. Besides, as the war goes on, Britain's part will increase and Britain's importance rise. When it comes time for the peace, we shall have the final word."

If he sees doubt in my face, he is too busy to argue, too generous to deny the privilege. As you leave, you feel more keenly that here is a man desperately intent upon doing what he sincerely thinks is best, but a man who has been pushed along by events so fast that he has not been able, entirely, to size them up in all their many interrelations. He is not asking the questions that pop into the minds of those who watch, however sympathetically, from the viewpoint of a country not in the war.

He does not want the United States in the war; not really in, though he does want supplies for the Allies. Nor does he want to push the little neutrals in, as numerous more reckless Britons wish to do; he thinks they are having troubles enough, and he has intelligence enough to see that there must be unscarred areas from which a peace impetus will be required at the conclusion of the conflict.

"We shall never be Yes-men," Greenwood insists, and you know how sincerely he believes it. Yet one cannot help wondering whether the thousands of workers who have been taught, so far as they can see, to follow another party's lead, will break on the call of Labor leadership when some international issue sharpens. Whatever Labor thinks about this officially, it is no secret that the Tories are delighted. When the World War was over, the revulsion against the war put Ramsay MacDonald, however mistakenly from Labor's viewpoint, into office; will millions suffer the same revulsion, and, if so, will they support these present leaders? Will it be possible to push through eco-

nomic gains demanded by the workers in a Britain impoverished by a long-fought war? If battle is finally closed and decided on the land, will the French, who are putting so many millions of troops into the struggle, allow Greenwood and his associates to have the peace they wish? Can you condition millions of British and French working men to fight German working men, and then expect them to turn suddenly about and differentiate thoughtfully between the German masses and the Nazi clique of overlords? Will it be possible, when the world-wide labor movement is uncemented throughout the disintegrating days of war, to throw enough pressure in the direction of a secure democracy inside defeated Germany?

These are only some of the haunting questions that seem to reach out at you from the dusky corridors, as you shake hands with one of Britain's striking contemporary figures and watch him stalk sturdily to his exacting post. Questions still nag at you as you walk out through this birthplace of world democracy, into the blackness of the London streets. Big Ben booms ponderously overhead. "That's the perfect touch," you tell yourself. For only time will give the verdict, but without fail, eventually, it will speak.

Who Are the Godless?

LOLA MAVERICK LLOYD

After President Roosevelt's Christmas gesture of peace-coöperation with the principal churches, polite and futile visits were duly paid at the White House by the two accredited representatives of American Protestants and American Jews, George A. Buttrick, president of the Federal Council of the Churches of Christ, and Rabbi Cyrus Adler, president of the Jewish Theological Seminary, the influential wealthy group of Jews.

Catholics, however, were not put into contact with the White House in quite the same way, through a ranking American Catholic. Not at all. Direct communication with the Pope in Rome was established by the surprising appointment of a wealthy High Church Episcopalian, Myron C. Taylor, to represent Franklin D. Roosevelt personally at the Vatican and, at the same time, to hold the rank of Ambassador there—(Alice, which side of the Looking Glass are we?). And Mr. Taylor did not hurry to his scene of action as he would have done had the President earnestly wished to exert at once his enormous potential power for peace. Absolutely direct communication can be had by telephone with the Papal Secretary, or the Pope himself can use a telephone.

Americans who are neither Christian nor Jewish do not count in this deal. Of the three honored churchmen, Taylor, Adler, and Buttrick, none has identified himself prominently in the peace movement. All are safe and conventional.

We who devote our time to the peace cause are out of contact with the President. He quoted Scripture to remind us that the peacemakers shall be called the children of God. Maybe, after they are safely dead, peacemakers are beatified, but practical living pacifists seem to be unanimously hated by all the governments. We American pacifists have been neither blessed by the President nor called to help him make peace. Leaders, even, of the great popular peace groupings of churches and peace societies cannot get the White House appointments they want.

Why not? Is the President not really anxious to explore the uncharted field of peacemaking? Is he, like Woodrow Wilson, waiting and waiting for the word from London? Or is he perhaps, quite unlike the brave and beloved rulers of Holland and Belgium, afraid of failure in his first public and real effort to bring about world peace?

It may be unfair to claim that President Roosevelt has not yet made a single straight effort for peace. Certainly the Munich crisis of 1938 brought from him to Mussolini a frank unprejudiced and public plea for help to influence Germany to withhold war. It contained not one false word of insult or reproof,—a true and moving effort to avoid war. Mussolini did act and Hitler did hold off. President Roosevelt's move was possibly made spontaneously, for London and Paris papers played it down small. I was in France and England during those days of strain, and I got the full text of the President's letter only in the *American Paris Herald*—yet its immense significance was plain.

Avoiding war and making peace during a war are, however, two different things. After war has been raging between nations, a new and bold technique has to be found for bringing them in a human non-military way back into peace. It must be a democratic way, expressing freely at long last the peoples' inarticulate longing for peace. Citizens of the non-belligerent nations can somehow get their longing translated into action, for they are not yet muzzled. We luckily need not endure in silence disgusting spectacles of human slaughter anywhere in the world. It is not easy, no, but action for armistice and conference and immediate organization of practical government for world problems remains the solemn duty of all intelligent leaders in the neutral nations. Lacking inspiration, leaders must be steadily encouraged and prodded by public opinion.

I see not the slightest advance toward peace in the new alignment of Church with State. It may persuade his American audience that the President has moral support somewhat consolidated behind him as he steadily prepares for the worst. Granted! But his cautious letter to the Pope plainly assures Europe that for the present he has no intention of indulging in the dangerous business of peace. And the Pope echoes the same thought, approves the delay, and promises coöperation in keeping hands off war—"so long as the present state of the opposing forces remains essentially unchanged." The play's the thing. It's not cricket to interfere.

The cordial response of the Pope really goes further. Headlines twice across the front page of the New York newspaper I am reading, the *Post* of January 20, proclaim: "Peace Difficult, Pope Tells F. D. R., Hails a Union Against Godless"—a fair enough journalistic inference from the words he uses in welcoming "hearty solidarity between the New and the Old World in defense against the chilling breath of aggressive and deadly godless and anti-Christian tendencies that threaten. . . ."

So this is a war for God! Back to religious wars, unbelievers and all. *Gott mit uns.* In the hunt for slogans, this is tops. You cannot go higher. War to

make the world safe for democracy we swallowed in 1917, in spite of some odd democratic Allies. War for Civilization goes down with England this time, and for Decency and European Security,—minus "Hitlerism." The Germans, excusably, see themselves surrounded again by enemies and so they cultivate the most exalted feelings of racial superiority, making their God frankly a perfect old-German deity. They are far from godless. They, too, fight for European Security,—minus "Churchillism."

France has a well-censored dictatorship that urges on war against Hitler and for Freedom, Security, etc., while it suppresses great sections of opinion at home, exiles or jails members of Parliament, and ousts elected mayors and municipal officers who favor peace conferences with the enemy. The French, godless enough when they dispossessed the Catholics in the last century, are forgiven now by the Vatican, which notes no anti-Christian tendencies among them.

I do not pretend to know the Russians' war slogan but, in any event, they do not say they fight for God and that is a relief. May they not, though, go to arms for their own brand of faith? Russians for over twenty years have lived for what seemed to them the highest humanitarian ideals, devoting countless lives of sacrifice to the betterment of the millions of benighted Russian poor—a good active religion! Their government has them in the war game now and the game is terribly wrong, I admit, whatever the reason given. Does the Pope or the President agree with me, and condemn all who resort to war? They most carefully do not. Wholesale murder does not necessarily make you godless. It depends.

But the Moroccan troops, the Indo-Chinese of France, and Britain's Moslems and Hindus and African blacks are surely not worshippers of the Pope's God, and they are in this war. Does he call them godless? No.

Who then are these godless? Some of us working hard for improvement in the lot of humanity get along without a church. Perhaps we are godless. But a horde of Americans who do nothing for humanity also leave the churches. Is it all right for church people to exterminate them as godless? Better try quietly to convert them—more patriotic!

Catholics and other western churches give lives and treasure to mission work for the godless,—the heathen abroad and the Godforsaken poor at home. You cannot consistently love the godless and bless and serve them, on one hand, while on the other you excommunicate them and bless their deadly enemies. But why be consistent? Without exaggeration, the general public in America, President Roosevelt included, can be said to believe, at least on Sundays, in the fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of man. Surely the Pope believes the same. How then in their eyes, if they reason logically, can any human being be godless? A man may say there is no God, but in a universe created and ruled by the God of All, his puny defiance does not upset the law.

Has history turned backwards? We must still believe in tribal deities who bless only their chosen people! A phrase used within the past year by the Governor of New Jersey comes in pat as an example of the tribal god. Governor Moore was dedicating a park "as a patriotic shrine for the inspiration of the State," to quote the *Herald Tribune* of June 19th. During his inspired dedication he said: "We need courage in these days, when we hear numerous voices raised against the American way of living and the American God. This day should inspire us . . ." etc., etc. There you have it, Governor Moore's inspiration—an American God! And anyone who does not worship is—yes, why not?—alien, suspect, godless.

What century is this? Psychology has by this time taught us a few plain lessons and we must not any longer shut our eyes and pretend to convert men to our beliefs by warring on them and destroying their ships and their cities and starving their children. Our decayed old superstitions about "Holy Wars" are only fit for the past era of the Inquisition. Let them be dislodged from our minds forever by raucous laughter resounding through the universe. No war is holy. The joke is on us.

Spiritual leadership for the twentieth century requires the Whole-World point of view, and it cannot be military and it must be honest and it does not dwell in Vatican or White House. I have a sermon for the Pope and for the President—it is short: *There Are No Godless.*

An Unknown Soldier

ADOLPH MOSER

Since infancy he had been close to the soil and, as he grew into adolescence, his footsteps had led him over the rolling hills, through picturesque valleys, and over rugged mountain passes. He waded rippling creeks that serenely reflected the flocculent white clouds and the cobalt-blue of the sky, and lustily swam across the turbulent streams. And everything that he saw became part of him. As the sublime beauty of nature bathed his soul, his heart would exclaim joyfully, *"What a wonderful world!"*

And as he gazed at the azurine sky in day, and at the myriad twinkling stars at night, his heart thanked God in silent prayer that he was alive. To breathe the pure air deep into his lungs, to bask in the cheerful warmth of the sun in summer, and to inhale the crisp-biting cold in winter, exhilarated his being with the joy of living. It was God's creation, and he was part of all of Creation. In this glorious undisturbed peace of heart and soul the years went by—one by one—until he reached his twenty-first year of life.

Today, as he was paying homage to the Goddess of Fertility, to enrich the vineyards, the meadows and the fields, he was thinking of Olga, the eldest daughter of the man for whom he was working as a hired hand. She loved him, and he loved her. He was dreaming of a farm of his own, on which he could plant seeds and watch them grow in the rich fertile soil; he would tend and nourish it with his hands. He would have cows, chickens, and pigs, and strong horses to plough the fields. These thoughts made him happy—to the point of trenchant pain! He bore heavily down on the pitchfork with his strong hands and worked hard, so that he could marry Olga and have children of his own, who would call him "Papa." He would make Olga happy—very happy.

It was a May day and the flowers were in full bloom

and the sun was blessing the fields with its benevolent rays. A gentle breeze was rustling the leaves, and all around him was tranquility and a great peace was in his heart. . . .

In this harmonious state of mind, he was part of the creative force of the universal law, which has repleted the earth with succulent fruits and nourishing grains, so that no man may suffer hunger and want. Everywhere things rose out of the *good earth,* bringing forth an abundant growth, so that man may live in harmony and peace, and evolve his mind—ever *higher* and *higher*—in full appreciation of the sublimity of his being that houses the essence of his soul.

And then a man came from around the corner of the barn, not with kindly eyes, nor with peace in his heart. The man had come from the big city some leagues off. As the man approached, he looked at the farm lad with hard stern eyes. "Your name is Peter Orff," the man spoke gruffly. "You're wanted for the army."

Peter Orff gazed at the man with a bewildered countenance. "I got to go into the army?" he said, sunken in heart. "But—this manure?—I've got to take it to the field to make things grow," he pleaded innocently.

The man's face hardened and his eyes narrowed into slits, and he said: "Come along—I've got no time to waste—we're at war!"

In bovine obedience, Peter Orff stuck his pitchfork into the manure-pile and followed the man who had come to get him. And when they reached the house, Olga came running out of the kitchen with tears flowing from her blue eyes.

"Where're you goin', Peter?" she asked dolefully, throwing her arms around his neck, her bosom heaving stormily against his breast.

"I got to go to war," was his simple answer. He embraced her in his arms, and kissed her velvety soft lips.

Upon hearing this, Olga burst out hysterically, "You can't! . . . You can't, Peter! We're goin' to be married! . . . You can't go . . .!"

The man took Peter Orff by the arm and led him away, and the wailing cries of his sweetheart could be heard far down the road that led to the big city of turmoil, greed, and power, in the enslavement of man! "Up this way," said the man, when they arrived. "This is Peter Orff, just brought him from the farm, thought he could get out of it. . . ."

"Hum," mumbled the doctor, looking at the raw youth. "Fine looking specimen. Take your clothes off," he commanded. He then applied the stethoscope to the lad's muscular chest and made him inhale and exhale his breath, and he examined the eyes, ears, teeth, and feet. "As sound as a colt!" he remarked with satisfaction, giving the lad a clean bill of health for military service.

By nightfall Peter Orff was on a train, and in the morning he came to a place where there were thousands of men all dressed alike, and different from him. They gave him the same kind of suit and when he put the suit on he was the same as the other men—a *soldier.* Then he was given a rifle and a long sharp knife, (the knife to be fastened onto the end of the barrel) and they marched him out to a large open field where the earth was tramped barren and where nothing grew. They made him flank right and flank left, and he had to run in and out of a long trench dug deep into the earth; with the bayonet affixed to the rifle, he had to charge a sack filled with sawdust dangling from a rope. He had to thrust the blade deep into the sack and *grit* his teeth as if he were mad—*stark mad* at the sack.

Then, one day, they put him on the train again, heavily loaded with a pack on his back, and the rifle and the knife. And he knew not where he was going. Everybody was talking of the war and of the enemy; and he wondered what an enemy was. He had never seen one.

Finally, the train came to a full stop—all the men got off the train, and he followed the men. They marched across the fields, climbed over fences, and walked through dense woods. Pretty soon a sibilant hiss came whining through the air, and the moaning booms of cannons pierced the countryside in the distance. And each step he took led him *nearer* and *nearer* to the cannon booms, and *further* and *further* from Olga and the wagon loaded with manure, waiting to be taken to the fields to make things grow.

The man who was wearing the high boots said: "At ease!"

And Peter Orff was glad. He removed his rifle and the heavy pack from his back, and laid them down on the ground. He rested his head on the pack and stretched his legs out on the *good earth;* and he wondered why he had to come so far from home. Just as his eyes were about to close in sleep, the man with the high boots scowled a sharp command: "Attention!" All the men leaped to their feet, and he got up, too.

They continued in the direction of the cannon booms which became *louder* and *louder* with each footstep. And as they approached the battle-line, the malodorous smell of decaying flesh and of gunpowder came on the current of the air. Nothing was the same any more.

As the sound of cannon fire increased, they came upon deep round holes in the earth and zigzagging trenches; and where the trees once proudly stood, paying homage to the heaven, sun, and air that blessed them with nourishment, nothing remained of them but ghastly splintered stumps. Wounded soldiers were being carried to the rear on stretchers. And the awful excruciating groans of the mortally wounded orchestrated a macabre symphony of poignant pain! The air echoed the rattling gurgles of *death! death! death! death!*

In the heartrending din of cannon and machine-gun fire, a voice whispered in his ear, *"You shall never see Olga again."* A choking lump came to his throat. As he waited in the trench for the command to go over the top, and leaning against the parapet, his hands clutched the rifle with a deathlike grip. "I don't want to die!" he prayed in silence. "I want to live and make things grow in the fields!" He could feel Olga's soft warm body—cuddled close to him. Her dewy breath was blowing against his cheek. Caressing her silken flowing hair and kissing her divine lips, he heard her say, *"I'm with you."* Her voice was as sweet and resonant as the chords from a distant harp, carried to him on a reed by the whispering breeze. But in his heart he knew that he would never see her again. And knowing this, his sensitive, nature-loving eyes became lachrymose. . . .

He wanted to rise to his feet, and face the men from the top of the trench, and say from the very depth of his being: "Stop! Stop! Stop this killing! . . . Let's go home and plough the fields, and make things grow! . . ."

But it was too late: A lethal shell from a cannon was speeding on its course, and in a brief second there was *nothing left!*

What War Can Do to a Neutral

DANIEL D. McGARRY*

Modern neutrality is a strange condition, in which, as Belgians express it, you become an enemy to all the world. Little Belgium has mobilized an army of almost 10 per cent of its total population, and about half of its able-bodied men. Despite the terrific expense, it must keep its armed forces on the frontiers, in its tactic of neutrality, as long as the war may last.

Imagine that practically all the men between twenty-two and forty in the United States had been taken away from their homes and businesses, and you can get an idea of what has happened to Belgium. Farmers have left their farms, merchants their shops, teachers their classes. In the University of Louvain alone, more than fifty professors have been mobilized.

Military service is not popular in Belgium (if it is anywhere). The soldier receives only one franc a day. This is about the equivalent of 3.4 American cents, enough to buy a cup of coffee without a tip. The soldier's wife receives a daily allowance of eight francs, or about 28 cents, with an additional five francs, or 17 cents, per child; thus the total daily pay of a soldier with a wife and two children is 65 cents per day. Most families have to skimp and, if they have an accumulated reserve, eat into it.

This charming and lovely country has taken on a forbidding aspect. Young soldiers somewhat sheepishly stand on guard with ready guns, at strategic points. Traveling through the countryside, one is slowed down by the recurring barricades of various materials; bridges are mined; barbed wire stretches across yards and fields; and trenches are cut through celery beds and garden patches.

If war stimulated business in the United States, here it has had the opposite effect. Antwerp, one of the world's greatest ports, is dead. Inland shipping has likewise suffered from the delays, uncertainties, and loss of markets consequent upon war. In the first month of the war, Belgian imports declined 50 per cent, and her exports dropped from 2,033,000 francs to 1,469,000. Textile output is in a bad way; furniture manufacturing has practically ceased; there is no market for cars, and the Ford and General Motors plants are virtually shut down.

It might be supposed that the use of so many at the front would solve the unemployment problem. But business has been so bad that unemployment has increased to twice its normal proportions. Belgium is a country of small landholders, small merchants. Luxury stores might as well be closed; staples sell at a reduced rate. Tailors are idle; one who is not quite that badly off reports that he is getting one-sixth his normal business. Even such places as grocery stores, bakeries, and meat markets are suffering. People are eating less and cheaper food. However, luggage shops of the cheaper kind have been doing better, and advise people to buy before "it is too late."

Prices have mounted, notwithstanding governmental efforts. Salt, sugar, rubbers, floor wax, paper, traveling bags, and many other things, are all much higher. The plain people have a solution. "When eggs are high," they say, simply, "we eat something else." Butter is higher, and at least one boarding house family has been reduced to serving lard in place of it—as this writer was made painfully aware one recent morning.

Tourist trade, a major industry here, is only a faded memory. Two young Americans travelled on bicycles through rural areas last fall and found hostelries so empty that their owners were glad to rent double rooms for as little as 40 cents a night. Streets are not darkened at night as an air-raid precaution, but a heavy portion of the juice is turned off as a measure of economy. Cafes were for a long time closed at night, but this was one thing intolerable to a people who, perhaps even more than Parisians, spend a large part of their lives sociably reading or conversing in cafes; and after vociferous protests, the authorities relented.

Belgium looks strange with so few bicycles and cars. Gas is high and thousands of vehicles have been commandeered, even the "velos"—the local name for a "bike." Red tape occupies a heavy percentage of everyone's time; there are endless cards and forms and blanks to fill out, and the photographers' shops are doing a rushing business in passport photos, which have to be affixed to a multitude of documents. Woe be it to that man who forgets when and where his father and mother were born, or who tires of endless pencil-pushing.

Least affected, as recreation, is the cinema. Prices are moderate, ranging from seven cents up to fifty cents in the finest seats of the best houses. American films and French films, with occasional ones from Britain, predominate. Most of the American pictures are late, but when a big premiere occurs, a big picture is shown here at about the same time as in New York.

Rumors of wars are as bad, almost, as the real thing. For a time faces will show relief from fear and strain, only, by new whispers of a possible pending attack, to tighten grimly for days at a time. Despite agitation by small groups that want to run the risks of war in order to express what they feel, the overwhelming desire is to keep out of the conflict.

Courage is abundant among the Belgians, and humor not wanting. The war is described universally as "droll," or "bizarre," and it is always questioned which nation will next join the "dance." The spirit which animates many minds is illustrated by an especially appropriate cartoon published in one of the dailies. Among those which take sly digs at Chamberlain, Mussolini, and Hitler—whom nearly everyone thinks "has got to go"—this one depicted a couple of hard-pressed rabbits with uplifted ears hopefully hiding behind a tree. In the background two hunters are approaching, each eager to beat the other at the kill. Says one rabbit to the other: "Perhaps we can declare ourselves neutral?"

There is terrifically high taxation, which for the most part the people of all classes pay without grumbling, though certain business groups unsuccessfully started a great drive for exemption from certain commercial imposts. Soldiers are settling down to an acceptance of their situation; and a radio program, organized every night for their especial benefit, helps keep up morale. And every evening, too, Belgian churches are filled with people praying for peace in Belgium and in Europe and in the world.

*The author of this article is an American post-graduate student in Belgium's famous University of Louvain, the library of which was restored after the World War with American funds. It is released through the *Nofrontier News Service.—Editor.*

On the Pacifist Front

[UNITY will publish from time to time, under this heading, such news as can be gathered about pacifists and pacifist activities in these war days. We earnestly invite our readers to send us such items of interest as may come to their attention.—*Editor.*]

X

The English Women's International League for Peace and Freedom has published the following appeal, which we find in the January issue of *War Commentary* (London):

> We recognize that the Governments of the world have persistently refused to use peaceful means for the adjustment of international disputes and for the remedying of injustices. . . . In this moment of chaos we believe in the essential dignity and sanity of mankind, and we believe that out of the present disorder a new and better world can and will arise. . . . We urge that the Governments of the neutral countries should at this time with patience and with persistance seek avenues for mediation, taking opportunities to open the way to negotiation. And more especially we appeal to the President of the United States of America to call a conference of all neutral countries, having as its aim the putting forward of recommendations to the belligerent countries for the ending of conflict on such terms as will secure a just and durable peace.

The Ohio Pastors' Convention, meeting at Columbus, voted that "should our nation become involved [in the European war], the government need expect no encouragement or support of us pastors in waging war."

In a national poll taken by the *Ladies Home Journal* on the question, "Do you think that the United States should go to war to help England and France?" 94 per cent of the women answered "No," and only 6 per cent answered "Yes."

The Associated Press publishes the following dispatch from London:

> The British Union of Postoffice Workers sent to Prime Minister Neville Chamberlain today a resolution declaring that the Government should clarify the basis on which it is willing to make peace.
>
> "The merely negative declaration that the war is being fought against Hitlerism is completely inadequate and may lead to world catastrophe," the resolution said. "There should be no summary rejection of proposals to end the war from whatever quarter they may come."
>
> The union's publication, which carried the resolution, said the majority of the members approved it.

The *Christian Science Monitor* publishes the following dispatch from Adelaide, South Australia:

> No nation of today can win a war, declare the South Australian churches in an appeal addressed to the Australian nation. The work of building up a full life of liberty and justice for all must come after the nations have been released from war, the appeal goes on.
>
> The message, which has been sent out by the Baptist, Congregational, Methodist, and Presbyterian churches, the Churches of Christ, the Salvation Army, and the Society of Friends, is as follows:
>
> "No nation of today can win a war," the message continues, "victory for the best that man can yet envisage cannot be finally won by the use of force; it must rather be the outcome of a constant readiness to employ all the resources of the human spirit to secure a full life of liberty and justice for all. There are social and international injustices, constantly irksome to a proud spirit, but which war aggravates and renders more glaring. While these exist there can be no real peace.
>
> "That form of society must be sought wherein all that God intends for human life can be most fully realized. To this end, the principles upon which a new world order should be based must first be determined, and then the means by which it is to be established.
>
> "No one can, as yet, forecast what form that new order will take, but, because it is included within the purpose of God for man, it is within the power of man to build it.
>
> "It is not the function of the Church to create political instruments; it is her duty to declare moral values and judgments.
>
> "We, therefore, affirm that the prevailing conception of the absolute sovereignty of the national State and false ideas of national prestige need to be abandoned;
>
> "That our nation should seek to settle outstanding differences with other nations in such a manner as to demonstrate that it desires no advantage which involves humiliation for other peoples;
>
> "And that it is willing to surrender such privilege and possession as may hinder their legitimate development.
>
> "That since there are social and economic inequalities and injustices which hinder human fellowship and foster the spirit of strife, Christian people should work for their removal and the substitution of conditions more likely to promote the commonweal."

The United Christian Council for Democracy, at its recent meeting in Cleveland, passed the following resolutions:

> The United Christian Council for Democracy finds its spirit depressed and its mind clouded by the appalling tragedy of war. We cherish no delusion that we, though citizens of a neutral nation, are untouched by the warped perspective, mental paralysis and moral disintegration which poison the stream of life when nations dedicate the spirit and resources of peoples to the slaughter of their fellow men and the destruction of the painfully acquired treasures of civilization.
>
> What we now see, as the pall of violence settles over us, is indeed as through a glass darkly. We are unable to be sure of ourselves or of one another. We implore the mercy of God in our darkness and beseech the God of all goodness to vouchsafe to us the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ and the guidance of the Holy Spirit.
>
> Humbly and with all charity and mutual forbearance, with full respect to the consciences that may share our spirit but disagree with our pronouncements, we would affirm:
>
> That war is contrary to the Christian gospel and way of life.
>
> That it is because men and nations do not live this gospel and way of life that war has come upon us.
>
> That we as Christians have fallen far short of the faith we profess and thus cannot disclaim a share of the responsibility for the present tragedy.
>
> That Christians therefore neither as groups nor as individuals can wash their hands of the war and hope to stand entirely aside from it.
>
> That we must grant full freedom of conscience to all as they seek to face the responsibility that the war brings.
>
> That nonetheless we are agreed that the United States can best serve the world by keeping out of this war and by using its influence and resources to promote a just peace for all peoples as speedily as possible.
>
> That we reaffirm our loyalty to the principle of freedom of conscience: demanding from the authorities of state and church exemption from war duties for the conscientious objector and full guaranty of his rights as a citizen; also the full respect from pacifists and war resisters for the integrity, honor, and the religious and civil rights of Christians who fulfill their duties as the state may require in wartime.
>
> Finally that we oppose at all times the exaltation of the military over the civil authority, the suspension of the Bill of Rights in emergencies, and imperialistic ambitions, as contrary to the ideals of the new nation that is the United States of America.

The New York *Times* publishes the following dispatch from Buffalo, New York:

> The Buffalo Niagara Presbytery today asked the Pres-

byterian General Assembly to remove the church's sanction of war from the 200-year-old Confession of Faith.

Ministers and elders of some sixty churches directed an overture to the General Assembly which would delete from the confession a clause which made it lawful for Christians "now under the New Testament to wage war."

The overture also asked that Chapter 23 of the document be rewritten so that the decision whether participation in war is Christian be left to the individual consciences of the members.

The Associated Press publishes the following dispatch from Enumclaw, Washington:

Mrs. Kathryn Erickson, mother of two grown children and a resident here fifteen years, has applied for naturalization.

"They asked me if I were willing to bear arms for the United States," she related.

"I asked them if it meant that I might have to join the army and go over to Europe and shoot people.

"I couldn't shoot people. The Bible says 'thou shalt not kill.' Does that mean the Constitution is different from the Bible?

"I learned all about the Constitution and the Government, but they didn't ask me any of those questions."

Mrs. Erickson, a native of Norway, was denied citizenship.

Henry Kyle, a special Government attorney, asked others to follow his lead in urging Congressmen to change the citizenship law.

"When this oath is required of mothers and grandmothers," he declared, "it becomes not only shameful, but ridiculous."

The *Nofrontier News Service* sends the following dispatch from London:

Voices continue to multiply, rather than lessen, demanding that efforts be made now for peace settlement before the "real war" is definitely launched. The proponents of such a settlement are no more anxious than the stoutest military strategist to leave the Nazis in a position to menace the small European states, but they believe that every effort should be made to secure a conference and a discussion of peace terms, in the belief that such a period would give a chance for anti-war and anti-Nazi opinion in Germany to rally, along with progressive opinion throughout the globe.

The Bishop of Chichester, for example, is one who says, "Long continued fighting is only too likely to lead to complete exhaustion, and a long bitterness—which is itself a form of defeat—as it would certainly mean an immeasurable loss of human life.

"Whoever was victor would suffer so much that he would certainly be a terrible loser as well.

"We do not suggest that peace should be bought at any price. But we do suggest that, without any condoning of the Nazi regime or the crimes against Poland and Czechoslovakia, a very strong effort ought to be made to see whether we cannot obtain terms that are just and would lead to an enduring settlement."

L. P. Jacks, internationally known educator, and writer on religious and philosophical questions, speaks of the desirability of starting a move for a settlement, and in a letter to the London *Times,* inquires, "Are we then to attempt it now, or must we wait until the war has been got out of the way, victory achieved, and statesmen are at leisure to attend to the matter? The answer is that the longer we wait, the less leisure statesmen are likely to have for anything of the kind, the greater will be the difficulties and the smaller the resources for overcoming them. . . Considered as a deferred undertaking, the law of diminishing returns is likely to play havoc with our hopes for a new and better Europe."

The New York *Herald-Tribune* reports the following from London:

Stephen Fothergill, of London, is a conscientious objector to military service. Called before a tribunal to show cause why he should not be conscripted, Mr. Fothergill said:

"I would allow the German Army to march into London, and instead of greeting them with machine guns, I would give them cups of tea. That would completely demoralize them."

Mr. Fothergill was released on condition that he continue his present work on a pig farm.

The Study Table

"An American Epic"

CHILDREN OF GOD. *By Vardis Fisher. 769 pp. New York: Harper & Brothers.* $3.00.

An even superficial glance at the list of historical novels dealing with the American scene which have appeared within the last two decades will reveal an impressive number of excellent works in this genre. With his exciting and thrilling novel of the rise and growth of the Mormon Empire, Vardis Fisher gives to American fiction a genuine masterpiece in *Children of God,* and there is no presumption whatsoever in his sub-title to the book, viz., "An American Epic"; the book is that in the finest sense of the term "epic" as well as of the qualifying adjective "American." It arrives on the literary scene as a fitting celebration of the seventeenth anniversary of the Harper Prize Novel award, and it takes its place as the ninth Harper Prize Novel as a most worthy fellow in that distinguished company.

It might well have been sub-titled something like this: "The Epic of a Mighty American Church Movement," for it is not only a magnificent bit of creative writing built around an interesting cultural period of the early nineteenth century but also the ably written record of a religious revival whose unique place in the larger scene of our American tradition still remains to be more fully appraised. With the following opening words, the author introduces us to those early years of the past century wherein not only Mormonism but other sectarian movements had their origin:

> In the frontierland of western New York, Palmyra was only a small town, but more itinerant evangelists had come to it than the pious Smiths could remember. Here, and in the thinly settled wilderness roundabout, there had been in the early years of the nineteenth century one religious revival after another, with crusaders invoking all the terrors of hell upon an unbelieving world. Farther east, students were reading the French atheists, swearing by the memory of Tom Paine, and predicting that in another century Christianity would be as dead as Jonathan Edwards. . . .

This is the background for the rise in the first third of that century of an interesting religious movement known as Mormonism, whose adherents, however, prefer the name "The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints." It was founded in 1830 in Fayette, Seneca County, N. Y., by Joseph Smith, who at the age of fourteen received his first "visions," made his first converts among his family and friends, and soon led his newly organized church westward to escape the persecution of the "Gentiles."

Mr. Fisher, who in this novel uses much of the material which had previously been employed by M. R. Werner in his biography of Brigham Young, brings to his task of artistically re-creating Mormon history in terms of a novel, not only a sympathetic understanding

of Mormonism—being himself of Mormon stock—but also a fine sense of scholarly discrimination in his selection of facts, a delicious sense of humor, and, most important of all, a fair and judicious appraisal of Mormon pioneering heroism and achievement. Under the skillful hands of Mr. Fisher, the story of the first sixty years of Mormonism comes to life as one of the grand epics of our American commonwealth. He has selected an ample canvas and has covered it with bold and mighty strokes of imaginative writing, filling in details of character, scene, and action with unerring craftsmanship, and leaving the reader with the final impression that he has here met with a work of fiction of major proportions.

It is reliably said that this book has already been denounced by the Mormon hierarchy as a biased and unfair record of their history. This impression will be gained only by those who are misled by the long and detailed accounts of "celestial marriage," as the early Mormons euphemistically termed plural marriage, by the stories of the Destroying Angels, the Danites, by the record of "realistic politics" to which the early Mormons had so frequently to resort in self-defense, and by stories such as that of the Mountain Meadows massacre. However, the author can hardly be blamed for treating at length such significant aspects of early Mormonism as plural marriage, which *was* a "revelation" of the Prophet Joseph Smith, his 132nd, to be more exact, and for fifty years represented a cardinal doctrine in their teachings. The ordinance of "celestial marriage" was surrendered only in 1890 and then, under pressure of the Federal government, by special proclamation of President Wilford Woodruff, third successor to Joseph Smith.

The novel is long, very long in fact, but in this instance the ancient Greek saw, *mega biblion, mega kakon,* is decidedly not in place, for every page is packed with dramatic action or with description of scene and landscape that rivals the finest in lyrical prose writing. There are three parts. "Morning" treats of the origin of the Mormon movement in western New York and carries us through the early experiences of these simple believers in the "visions and revelations" of Joseph Smith to the migration to Kirtland, Ohio, and from there to Missouri, and finally to Illinois, where under the indomitable will and genius of Smith the city of Nauvoo is built upon swamp-lands, where the Nauvoo Legion is organized, and where the young leader becomes so intoxicated with the sense of power and the consciousness of his growing influence that he declares: "I'm building a kingdom. In two years I'll control Illinois. Then I'll run for president." This section of the book ends with the death of Smith at the hands of a mob in the Carthage, Illinois, jail, where he and several of his followers were awaiting trial on the charge of treason. Thus a tragic martyrdom ended the career of one who as a young man of thirty-nine had already disclosed unusual capacities for leadership and organization. His character is one of those paradoxes that one so frequently meets in those powerful, fanatic personages that found empires, whether political or religious. Mr. Fisher pictures Joseph Smith as a baffling mixture of visionary mysticism, practical realism, lofty pacifism, violent assertiveness and combativeness, tender humility, arrogant conceit, sensuality, and love for the common man. His movement might easily have ended with the tragedy at Carthage, had it not been that this Christ of Palmyra found his Paul in Brigham Young, to whose breath-taking exploits as leader, organizer, and builder, the second part of the book, "Noon," is devoted.

In mid-winter of 1846, this "senior apostle" of the new movement leads a caravan of thousands over more than 1200 miles of trackless prairie land and wilderness, over barren, bleak mountains, through hostile Indian lands into Utah, then part of Mexico, and here is developed, under privations and with a heroism that beggar description, a civilization which its founders well called a "Garden in the Wilderness," the "new Zion." But not for long were these pioneers to enjoy the fruits of their labors, for several years later, as a result of America's victory in the Mexican War, Utah became American territory, and the church now comes into open conflict with the Federal government, and primarily because of its practice of "celestial marriage." Part Two ends with the death of Brigham Young, whose passing leaves the church bewildered and leaderless.

The last 158 pages, "Evening," record the increasing tension between the new order of society and religion established in Utah and the prejudices of a government and public opinion, which, the constitutional guaranties of freedom of conscience and worship notwithstanding, saw in the practice of plural marriage sufficient reason for enacting laws like the Edmunds Act and the Cullom-Struble Bill designed to exterminate the "Saints." And at the close, we see the curtain dropping upon the inevitable fate of this brave band of pioneers, a fate which their own stubbornness and fanaticism had been preparing from the start. Tired of the persistent persecution by state and Federal governments, President Wilford Woodruff in 1890 repudiates celestial marriage, thereby incurring the enmity of many of the church leaders and their followers, but assuring the existence of a church which since then has developed into one of the most aggressively missionary denominations in Protestantism and now numbers close to a million members throughout the world. The closing paragraphs show us Bishop Nephi McBride, one of the dissenters from President Woodruff's "compromise," leading a caravan of forty-seven wagons to find a new home in Mexico.

This is the brief outline of the story which Vardis Fisher tells with such consummate artistry. Surely it cannot be said of him that he has an "anti-Mormon ax" to grind, or that he seeks to discredit a great social and religious movement. Whatever he may say of the human faults and foibles of the Mormons, aye, even of the sins and crimes of some of their leaders and fanatic devotees, the book in its total estimate paints a most sympathetic picture of this unique American experiment in communal and religious living. The Mormons stand out in the final summation of this story as a people of magnificent faith and courage, as pioneers in the best of the American tradition, as men and women of remarkable character, and the book's strongest indictment, so it seems to me, is that of a government and public opinion that, professing the ideals of liberty, freedom of conscience, and democracy, nevertheless fail deplorably in practicing their lofty professions, from President down to judge, when faced with the simple duty of exercising tolerance and good will.

Mr. Fisher has written a great novel on a great theme, and *Children of God* will take its place among the "truly great" of American works of historical romance.

KARL M. CHWOROWSKY.

Correspondence

War, Brigandage, and Peace

Editor of UNITY:

Our President has gone fishing some place, to catch something, leaving no one in charge to do some of the many things he has been too busy to do. As good Americans and as people wise in the true nature of war, I think we should volunteer.

There is poor Japan running wild, as ignorant as a blind puppy about war. Since she stole Korea, she has kept up an almost continuous semblance of war but she calls it friendly protection or national rights. She is so blinded by the beautiful lies she has set up to fool her own people that she perhaps does not know she is committing all the crimes for which we hang and electrocute men and women in this country. She does it by wholesale, deliberately with malice aforethought, while here just one excited, unpremeditated murder of one man brings death. The first thing is to tell them, ourselves, and the world that murder, robbery, destruction, torture, raping, and kidnapping are crimes of the first magnitude, and that anyone who aids and abets nations and individuals in such crimes is *particeps criminis,* whether it be by selling scrap iron or gasoline, and should be held accountable.

We read that Japan talks of peace terms with China. But how can there be peace terms when there has been no war? One does not make terms with criminals unless one is a gangster or a racketeer.

Germany did in Czechoslovakia what Japan is trying to do in China. When she tried the same thing in Poland, someway she changed from a robber, a murderer and worse into a belligerent, and there are laws that can be applied to a belligerent.

Russia, in her friendly bearlike way, is doing all that comes under the name of war to little Finland, who is only trying to hold what came back to her from Russia. A safe passage for peaceful ships of international trade would be of mutual benefit, and Finland in her short reincarnation has shown herself wise and farseeing.

If trade is the lifeblood of a nation, we surely can sever the veins that carry war profiteering to robber, murdering nations. We would not bleed to death, especially now when if we are wise, honest, fair-dealing, and agreeably humble, the entire trade of the neighbors to the south is ours.

Then there is this awful muddleheaded thinking about national rights. Rights seem to have no semblance of likeness to Right. We might insist in the peace treaty that Right play an important part. We might call the attention of Europe to the diametrically opposed interests of the thirteen colonies. Being longheaded and able to see farther than their own noses, the colonies decided to try union, and it has worked until today, and will continue to work unless we let some dictator fool us or have lost all the good common sense and hardheaded reasoning our ancestors had.

Of course this is just a start. In the meantime, the Chinese need medicine, especially quinine, and surgical instruments. Where are the doctors in the cities and counties who will send to our Red Cross, for the Chinese Red Cross, their out-of-date surgical instruments, if they cannot afford to send new ones? They are begging for medical and surgical help.

I have been told that to talk and talk, to wring one's hands, and to weep while doing nothing is very bad for one's morals and character. O. C. S.

Coral Gables, Florida.

Offer of Back Numbers of UNITY

Editor of UNITY:

I have a year or more of back numbers of UNITY that I would like to give where they would do good. Can you suggest where I might place them?

SARAH J. EDDY.

Box 9, Bristol Ferry, R. I.

[Persons desiring these back numbers should communicate direct with Miss Eddy.—*Editors.*]

The Field

(*Continued from page 2*)

marily dependent upon the one who loves or hates.

What sort of world would this world be if one started at 19 with the mentality of 59? It would be a safe world, but would it be more courageous? It would be saner, but would it be as thrilling?

How many people I have had trying to kill me in 40 years! But I have had equally as many standing to defend me. Therefore I still believe in the Human Race. If at 59 I should start another 40 years, as at 19. I should at the next end reverse none of these conclusions but rather would intensify them.

"Life is real, life is earnest."

—WILLIAM PICKENS, Field Secretary of the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People, New York City.

Most Tolerant Man and Woman of 1939

The American League for Tolerance, 200 Fifth Avenue, New York City, has announced that it has selected John Haynes Holmes, pastor of the Community Church of New York, and Mrs. Franklin D. Roosevelt as the most tolerant man and woman of 1939. The formation of the Committee of Catholics to Fight Anti-Semitism by Dr. Emanuel Chapman, professor of philosophy at Fordham University, was selected as the most tolerant deed of the last year.

Dr. Holmes was chosen "for his energetic support of the American sharecroppers and his untiring efforts in behalf of oppressed European minorities," while Mrs. Roosevelt was named for "her championing of Marion Anderson, Negro contralto." Mrs. Roosevelt resigned from the National Society of the Daughters of the American Revolution last February, after the organization had refused to permit Miss Anderson the use of Constitution Hall in Washington for a concert.

The American League for Tolerance was founded a year ago by Abraham Felder, vice-president of the American Manufacturers' Institute and former treasurer of the Manhattan Council of the American Jewish Congress.—New York *Herald-Tribune.*

"God Is with Us"—"Gott Mit Uns"

The British Government

"Now may God defend you all and may God be with the right." Chamberlain (3/3/39) " . . . and we reverently commit our cause to God." King George (3/9/39).

His Majesty's "Opposition"

"May God be with you"—Greenwood (for the Labor "Opposition") " . . . with a firm reliance on the protection of Divine Providence. . . ." Sir Archibald Sinclair (for the Liberal "Opposition").

The German Government

"We only wish that God Almighty, who has blessed our arms, may enlighten other nations. . . ."—Hitler (Danzig Speech).

The Polish Government

" . . . the blessing of the Almighty rests on our fight."—President Moscicki.

The Church

"May God help us in the great ordeal which now awaits us."—Archbishop of Canterbury and other dignitaries of the Church.

"When you come to think of it, it is a great honor to be chosen by God to be his ally in so great a contest."—Canon C. Morgan Smith.

"We thank God that He gave us a speedy victory to our arms. . . . We thank Him that injustice, centuries old, has been broken down through His grace. . . ."—The German Evangelical "Opposition" in the Spiritual Councils Proclamation on the capture of Poland.

Lesser Dignitaries

"I am certain, as sure as I sit here, that if Christ appeared today he would approve of this war."—Judge Richardson (Chairman, Newcastle Tribunal of Conscientious Objectors).

"Hitler is lonely. So is God. Hitler is like God." Dr. Frank (Reichsminister of Justice).

"With blood you swim the seas, you soak the sod,
But have a care! lest by this devilish deed,
You rouse to wrath ONE—not of German breed—
The aloof and awful last Great Neutral, GOD."

—Coulson Kernshaw in *Sunday Times* (London, England).